

THE MODEST RETORT.

A supercilious nabob of the east,
Haughty, being great, and proud, being rich,
A governor or a general at least,
I have forgotten which.
Had in his family an humble youth,
Who went to England in his patron's suit,
An unassuming body, and in truth,
A lad of decent parts and good repute.

This youth had sense and spirit,
But yet, with all his sense,
Excessive diffidence
Obscured his merit.

One day at table, flashed with pride and wine,
His honor, proudly free, severely merry,
Conceived it would be vastly fine
To crack a joke upon his secretary.

"Young Man," said he, "by what art, craft or trade,
Did your good father earn his livelihood?"
"He was a sadder, sir," Modestus said,
"And in his time was reckoned very good."

"A sadder, eh! and taught you Greek,
Instead of teaching you to sew:
And why did not your father make
A sadder, pray, of you?"

Each parasite, then, as in duty bound,
The joke applauded, and the laugh went round.

At length Modestus, bowing low,
Said (craving pardon, if too free be made)
"Sir, with your leave, I would I knew
Your father's trade?"

"My father's trade!—by heaven that's too bad!
My father's trade!—why, blockhead, that art mad!
My father, sir, did never sleep so low—
He was a gentleman I'd have you know!"

"Excuse the liberty I take,"
Modestus said, with archness on his brow,
"Pray why did not your father make
A gentleman of you?"

EDUCATION OF FARMERS.—No. 1.

FROM THE GENESSEE FARMER.

MR. TUCKER: I have, for several years, been fully convinced that neither lawyers, nor physicians, nor clergymen, nor professors of colleges, nor any other class of the community, have so many inducements or so many facilities for becoming really intelligent, scientific men as farmers. No class of men have an occasion for so constant or so extensive an application of science in their profession. Botany, mineralogy, geology, chemistry, natural philosophy, entomology, and the natural history of animals generally, are brought into use, directly or indirectly, by every farmer, almost every day he is engaged in his business.

If it should be asked what the farmer has to do with botany, the question may be answered by asking another, viz. If the farmer has nothing to do with botany, or a knowledge of vegetables, who has? Does not the whole success of his business depend upon a knowledge of the various plants he cultivates, together with many in the way of cultivation? Some may ask, how can geology be used by the farmer? The first object of geology is to give a knowledge of the component parts and of the structure of the earth, and of course, of the nature of soils. The question might be answered by a volume of facts; I will give but one. In New Jersey there are extensive tracts of land now worth from fifty to a hundred dollars an acre, which, a few years ago, were not worth fencing; the application of marl has effected the change. Except for a knowledge of that, the land would have continued as worthless as at first.

What use has the farmer for chemistry? A great part of his business is a series of chemical experiments. Not a furrow turned, no manure applied, not a fence made, nor root or plant preserved or prepared for food, without an application of chemical science. But what has the farmer to do with natural philosophy? Every plough, harrow, rake, scythe, axe, cart, wagon, yoke, or harness, not constructed according to the principles of natural philosophy, imposes unnecessary labor upon man or beast.

And can entomology, or a knowledge of insects, be applied to farming? In the year 1837 a single species of insect, the wheat fly, cost one state, Pennsylvania, several millions of dollars. The worm, the grasshopper, the cut worm, and numerous other insects, frequently present themselves, though small yet powerful enemies to the farmer, who, of course, has occasion to understand their weakness, while he has such fatal proof of their power. The horse, the ox, the sheep, swine, and other domestic animals, the farmer has occasion to understand, both in health and disease.

Some parts of the mathematics the farmer has daily occasion to use in his business. Practical geometry, in one form or another, comes in almost constant use in farming operations. A portion of arithmetic is, of course, indispensable. But some may say, perhaps, that, however important and necessary an extensive knowledge of science may be to the farmer, he has not the facilities for acquiring it. Is that possible? Is not the daily use of any science or art the best of all possible modes of obtaining a familiar and thorough knowledge of it? It may be questioned, even now, whether farmers do not possess a greater amount of really useful knowledge than any other class of the community. They certainly have not so many technicalities of science. They have not so many Latin and Greek terms to apply to things or the laws which govern them as those devoted exclusively to scientific pursuits. But do they not know as much of things themselves? Cannot almost any farmer give the best scientific botanical much useful information about plants?

The graduate of a college may know that what we call oak, the Romans called *quercus*, and that the Greeks called it *drus*, and still be unable to distinguish oak from chestnut. The plain, unpretending farmer, though ignorant of the terms applied by the Greeks and Romans to these useful products of the forest, could readily inform the scholar whether a tree or a stick of timber was oak or chestnut, and whether it was white, red, gray, black, Spanish, or some other oak. Also, what were its properties and uses. Of course, the difference between the scholar and farmer is, that the former has three terms, but not an idea; while the latter has but one term, and a great number of ideas connected with it. The question then comes, who is the man of useful knowledge and sound learning, the ignorant farmer, or the learned scholar? However it may be with others, no farmer will hesitate for an answer. It may be added, that this is not merely a supposable case, in one which actually exists in thousands of instances in our country.

The first step requisite for rendering farmers the most truly and the most generally enlightened, as they are much the largest class of the community, is to have them understand and appreciate the knowledge they already possess; the second is, for them to improve that knowledge and the na-

tural advantages they enjoy for acquiring more. And what are these advantages? First, a farm is a far better place for acquiring really useful knowledge, and for acquiring it more thoroughly, than any hall of science which is, or can be, constructed and furnished by the hands of men. It is a "CABINET OF NATURE," more richly furnished with specimens, and a laboratory where chemical and philosophical experiments are going on upon a larger scale than can be found in any high school, academy, or college.

Second, the business of the farmer, if he guides it by the hand of science, and by careful observation, furnishes means of instruction which can be found in no other profession. The laws of animal and vegetable physiology, of chemical science, of mechanical philosophy, hydrostatics, and of natural science generally, can be intimately and daily developed by experiments which furnish his bread and his success in business, not only without cost, but with great satisfaction and pecuniary profit.

Third, the winter evenings of farmers, if properly occupied by reading, experimenting, and comparing the statements of books with their own experiments and observations, would furnish ample time and opportunities for storing the mind with principles, or the general laws of science, to direct their summer operations. These evenings are spent far more profitably if aided by "SOCIAL LYCEUMS," or weekly or semi-weekly meetings of some ten or a dozen, or even five or six neighboring farmers, for the purpose of conversation, experiments, and reading on subjects previously selected for the purpose.

Fourth, as a school of morals the farmer certainly has the best. The best proof of this is his results. Whether colleges, academies, and high schools may or may not with propriety be considered schools of morals, industry, health, and of useful knowledge, farms are certainly schools peculiarly favorable for the whole.

I have here given a few brief hints on a great and interesting subject connected with the highest prosperity and the liberties of our country. On some future occasion, if time and circumstances should permit, I may enlarge upon the subject and shall remain, in the mean time, with high esteem, your friend,

J. HOLBROOK.

THE INTELLIGENCE OF ANIMALS.—In the forest of Tartary and South America, where the wild horse is gregarious, there are herds of five or six hundred, which, being ill prepared for fighting, or, indeed, for any assistance, and knowing that their safety is in flight, when they sleep, appoint one in rotation who acts as sentinel, while they are asleep. If a man approaches, the sentinel walks towards him as if to reconnoiter, or see whether he can be detected from coming near; if he continues, he neighs aloud and in a peculiar tone, which rouses the herd, and all gallop away, the sentinel bringing up the rear. Nothing can be more judicious or rational than this arrangement, simple as it is. A horse belonging to a smuggler in Dover, used to be laden with rum spirits, and sent on the road unattended, to reach the rendezvous. When he descried a soldier, he would jump off the highway, and hide himself in a ditch, and, when discovered, would fight for his load. The cunning of foxes is proverbial; but I know not if it was ever more remarkably displayed than in the Duke of Beaufort's country, where Reynard, being hard pressed, disappeared, suddenly, and was, after a strict search, found immersed in a water-pool up to the snout, by which he held a willow-bough hanging over the pond. The cunning of a dog, which Sergeant Wilde tells me of, as known to him, is equal. He used to be tied up, as a precaution against hunting sheep. At night he slipped his head out of the collar, and, returning before dawn, put on the collar again, in order to conceal his nocturnal excursion. Nobody has more familiarity with various animals (besides his great knowledge of his own species) than my excellent, learned and ingenious, friend the Sergeant; and he possesses many curious ones himself.

His anecdote of a drover's dog is striking, as he gave it me, when we happened, near this place, to meet a drove. The man had brought 17 out of 20 oxen from a field, leaving the remaining three there mixed with another herd. He then said to the dog, "Go fetch them!" and he went and singled out those very three. The Sergeant's brother, however, a highly respectable man, lately Sheriff of London, has a dog that distinguishes Saturday night, from the practice of tying him up for the Sunday, which he dislikes. He will escape on Saturday night, and return on Monday morning. The Sergeant himself had a gander which was at a distance from the goose, and, hearing her make an extraordinary noise, ran back and put his head into the cage, then brought back the goslings one by one, and put them into it with the mother, whose separation from her brood had occasioned her clamor. He then returned to the place whence her cries had called him. A swallow had slipped its foot into the nose of a cord attached to a spout in the College des Quatre Nations at Paris, and, by endeavoring to escape, had drawn the knot tight. Its strength being exhausted in vain attempts to fly, it uttered piteous cries, which assembled a vast flock of other swallows from a large basin between the Tuileries and Pont Neuf. They seemed to crowd and consult together for a little while, and then one of them darted at the string, and struck at it with his beak as he flew past; and others, following in quick succession, did the same, striking at the same part, till, after continuing this combined operation for half an hour, they succeeded in severing the cord, and freeing their companion. They all continued flocking and hovering till night; only, instead of the tumult and agitation in which they had been at their first assembling, they were chattering as if without any anxiety at all, but conscious of having succeeded.—*Lord Brougham's Discourses on Science.*

TO PRESERVE STRAWBERRIES WHOLE.—Take equal weights of the fruit and double refined sugar; lay the former in a large dish, and sprinkle half the sugar in fine powder over; give a gentle shake to the dish, that the sugar may touch the under side of the fruit. Next day make a thin sirup with the remainder of the sugar, and instead of water, allow one pint of red currant juice to every pound of strawberries, in this sirup them until sufficiently jellied.

TO PRESERVE RASPBERRIES.—Pick your raspberries in a dry day, just before they are fully ripe; lay them on a dish, beat and sift their weight of fine sugar, and strew it over them. To every quart of raspberries, take a quart of red currant jelly, and put to it its weight of fine sugar; boil and skim it well, then put in your raspberries, and give them a scald.—"Take them off" and let them stand over two hours; then set them on again, and scald them until they look clear.

YOUNG MECHANICS.

There is no class of the community upon whom the future welfare of the country more essentially depends than upon the rising generation of young mechanics. If they are intelligent, sober, industrious, and consequently independent, able and accustomed to judge for themselves, and governed, in their conduct, by an enlightened view of their own best interests; if they are men of this sort, the mechanics, and especially the young mechanics, will form the strongest bulwark of our free institutions, and the best hope of the Republic.

If, on the other hand, they are ignorant, idle, dissolute, and consequently poor and dependent upon those who are willing to trust them—if our mechanics should unhappily become such a class, (of which, I thank God, there is but little danger,) they would soon be converted into the mere tools of a few rich and artful men, who having first stripped them of every sense of self-respect, and every feeling proper to virtuous citizens, would use them as passive instruments for promoting their own ambitious objects, and for the enactment of laws which are beneficial to nobody but the artful few with whom they originate.

It is as true of the mechanical arts as of any other profession, that "knowledge is power," and we earnestly recommend to the attention of our friends among young mechanics, the following excellent "hints," copied from the Buffalo Journal:

Hints to Young Mechanics.—The first object of a mechanic, as it should be that of every one, is to become thoroughly acquainted with his particular business or calling. We are too apt to learn our trade or profession in halves; and hence being compelled to live by halves, die by inches.

Study and labor to excel your competitors, and then you will not fail to command the patronage of the most discerning and liberal paymasters. There is a great variety of highly useful knowledge which appertains to every branch of business that may be acquired by a course of judicious reading. This knowledge, well digested and systematized, constitutes the science of every occupation. Thus, if you are a carpenter, the science of architecture should be studied with profound attention; if a ship-builder, the science of navigation and hydrostatics, and that combination of them which will give the largest capacity to a vessel with the least resistance from the water, and the greatest safety in the time of danger from the elements. If you are a machinist or millwright, the mechanic powers should be well understood; and if the machinery is to be propelled by steam or water, you should study the science of hydraulics; and should have a perfect knowledge of the combination of heat and water, both in its latent and active state, understand how it happens that a quart of water converted into steam, which, by a thermometer, is not hotter than boiling water, yet will bring a gallon of water up to the same temperature. If you are a hatter, a dyer, a painter, or a tanner, there is no study so useful as chemistry.

The fact was known a quarter of a century to chemists, that gum shellac was insoluble in water before any hatter used to make water proof hats. The whole art of giving beautiful and durable colors to different bodies entirely depends upon the chemical affinity of such bodies for the coloring material, and the affinity of this latter for the different colored rays of light.

We speak understandingly when we say that the *tanners* and the public in the United States, lose millions annually from the lack of scientific knowledge how best to combine vegetable *tannin* with animal *gelatin*, which is the chemical process of making leather—call it by what name you please.

There is a vast amount of knowledge which is now completely useless, that ought to be brought home to the understanding of every operative in this Republic. We love industry and respect all who practice it. But labor without study is like a body without a soul. Cultivate and enrich the mind with all useful knowledge, and rest assured that an intelligent understanding will teach the hands how to earn dollars when the ignorant only earn cents.

Lesson to Newspaper Borrowers.—[Time Saturday morning 8 o'clock, Scene: the breakfast table. A rap is heard at the door, and the newspaper is for a few moments opened before the fire.] "Come, John, it won't do to dry it so long, for Isaac neighbor Snooks is sending his son after it." Another rap at the door. "Father wants to know if you will just lend him the paper five minutes, if you ain't done with it, he will send it right back. He only wants to see if the big Star has been heard from, what our Tom went in!" "Tell your father the big is not reported." Home he trips, and as speedily returns: Mother wants to know who was buried yesterday, can't you lend it to her just two minutes?" "Tell your mother that all the deaths this week are Mr. —, and a child of Mr. —." In a few moments another tap—"Sister Susan wants to know if any body's married this week, and uncle Joe wants to know if there is any auction to-day, and father wants to know what the news is from Virginia, and aunt Snooks wants to know if there are any more pretty stories about that Jarvis woman—if you can't spare the paper, why can't you write down what there is—just cause I don't want to keep running back and forward so." "Here, my lad, take this paper to your father, and round to all your uncles and aunts, and have it back, whatever is left of it, next Sunday morning at 8 o'clock, precisely, when you come to borrow the next. Ten applications on Sunday by borrowers, all sent to neighbor Snooks with a particular caution to return it there when done with. Monday morning, a rap at the door, and the boy with the paper is ushered in: "Mother says it is too much plague to keep the paper all the week, people keep coming after it so."

[Portsmouth Journal.]

Remedy against Moth.—Our furs and wollen apparel, &c., are liable to be seriously injured by moth in the summer season, when they are not in use. We give the following simple preventative, which although known and practised by many, may be new and serviceable to some. Put your furs and wollen apparel into linen or hempen bags, and sprinkle the bags with spirits of turpentine—moth will not touch them.

Retort.—A celebrated barrister one day examining a witness who foiled all his attempts at ridicule, by her ready and shrewd answers, at last exclaimed—"There is brass enough in your head madam, to make a five-pail kettle." "And sap enough in yours, sir, to fill it, quickly retorted the unimpaired witness.

From the New York Literary Gazette.

THE CAPTAIN AND HIS SON.

[The following account of a remarkable instance of heroism and filial affection, as related by Napoleon himself, is taken from *Memoires de Madame la Duchesse d'Angoulême*.—*Ed. Lit. Gazette.*]

I have already mentioned the Emperor's talent in story-telling. When describing a naval action, his powerful words, like those of Homer, would set the waves of the sea in motion, make the cannon roar, and represent to your fancy the groans of the wounded. He would place you on board of a line-of-battle ship, whose decks, covered with dead bodies and streaming with human blood, began to creak from the action of a horrible fire which was consuming the vessel, and whose thousand forked and glaring tongues darted through the open port-holes, and ascended like curling snakes the rigging and yards. This ship, which a few hours before rode sovereign of the bay of Aboukir, and contained more than five hundred human beings full of life, and health and energy, was now deserted; for all who had escaped the hostile ball and dread splinter, have sought their safety by jumping into the sea and swimming to the shore. One man alone remained unhurt upon the deck, and with his arms crossed upon his broad chest, and his face covered with blood and smoke, stood contemplating, with an eye of deep sorrow, another individual, who still breathed, but who was seated at the foot of the mainmast, with both his legs shattered, and the blood streaming from the numerous wounds he had received. He was sinking into eternity without uttering a single complaint; on the contrary, he thanked his Creator for withdrawing him from the world. His eyes were raised to behold once more the flag of republican France waving over his head. A few paces from the dying man, stood a youth about fourteen, dressed in plain clothes, with a dirk by his side, and a brace of pistols in his belt. He looked at the wounded man with a countenance expressive of the most profound grief, combined, however, with resignation, which indicated that he also was fast approaching the term of life. The ship was the *Orient*, the dying man was Casabianca, captain of the flag ship of the Egyptian expedition, and the youth was the Captain's son.

"Take this boy," said the captain to the boatswain's mate, who had remained with him, "and save your lives—you have still time—and let me die alone—my race is run."

"Approach me not," said the boy to the sturdy seaman; "save thyself. As for me, my place is here, and I shall not leave my father."

"My son," said the dying officer, casting upon the boy a look of the tenderest affection, "my dear boy, I command you to go."

At this moment a dreadful crash shook the timbers of the ship, and the flames burst forth on all sides. A frightful explosion already told the fate of one of the victims of this dreadful day—and the same fate awaited the *Orient*. Already had the planks of the deck begun to kindle; the boatswain's mate was for an instant appalled, and cast a glance of longing towards the shore, from which the ship was only about two hundred toises distant. "For," said the Emperor, "Admiral Brueis, the wretched man, fought pent up in a bay!" But this feeling, so natural to a man desirous of preserving his life, lasted only an instant; and the boatswain's mate resumed his careless air, after another attempt, on the captain making a sign to him, to seize the youth. But the latter taking one of his pistols, and cocking it, threatened to shoot him if he did not desist.

"It is my duty to remain, and I will remain," he said. "Go thou thy way, and may heaven help thee! Thou hast no time to lose."

Another crash, which seemed to issue from the hold like a deep groan, made the boatswain's mate again start. He cast a look of horror towards the powder room, where the flames were now about to reach, and in a few seconds perhaps it would be too late. The stripling understood the feelings which that look conveyed, and lying down by his father's side, took the latter in his arms.

"Go now," said he, "and you, my father, bless your son."

These were the last words the sailor heard. Springing into the water, he swam rapidly towards the shore, but scarcely was he ten fathoms from the ship, ere it blew up with a dreadful explosion.

He was received by the people on the coast, said the Emperor in conclusion, "and came to me at head quarters; and it was him who told us of the heroism of young Casabianca. What should I do in the world?" said the latter to his father, who again urged him to go on shore; "you are going to die, and the French navy has this day dishonored itself."

"This was a noble boy," the Emperor added; "and his death is the more to be regretted, that he would have gone further perhaps than Dugay-Trouin and Duquesne—and I am proud when I consider that he was a member of my own family!"

Female Courtship in Rome.—The women of Rome know nothing of those restraints which delicacy, modesty, and virtue impose upon the sex in northern Europe. A Roman lady, who takes a liking to a young foreigner, does not cast down her eyes when he looks at her, but fixes them upon him long, and with evident pleasure; nay, she gazes at him alone whenever she meets him, in company, at church, at the theatre, or in her walks. She will say, without ceremony, to a friend of the young man's—"Tell that gentleman I like him." If the man of her choice feels like sentiments, and asks, "Are you fond of me?" she replies, with the utmost frankness, "Yes, dear." In this simple and unembellished manner commence connexions which last for years, and which, when they are dissolved, plunge the men into despair. The Marchese Gatti lately shot himself, because, on his return from Paris, he found that his mistress had been false to him. [Desultory Foreign Reading.]

The King of Bavaria having taken it into his royal head that mustachios should be worn only by military men, issued a decree to that effect. His majesty's commands were so faithfully performed, that he was stopped on the frontier while travelling incognito, by his own guard, and ordered to shave his own face. This was too much, and the King saved his mustachios only by avowing his rank.—*Prov. Jour.*

Peter Harmony, one of the wealthiest citizens of New York, was formerly a carpenter in New London, Connecticut, and left with his axe on his shoulder for New Orleans. He came from there to New York with a fortune estimated at \$2,000,000.

NAPLES.

I have been in many places, at home and abroad, but nowhere have I seen such an excess of poor, wretched, ragged people. Shoes, stockings, and neckcloths, are worn by few of the working people, but the lazzaroni (of which there are said to be 30,000) are indecently unclothed. Even as I write, I look from the window and see a man quite naked, except what was a pair of thin cotton drawers round his middle. Shirt he has none—drawers are torn in many places—his hair matted—his beard unshaven—his face apparently unwashed for years—his skin tanned brown as mahogany by exposure to the sun. This man is of the middle age; stout and strong. He is asking alms from door to door. There, he has caught my eye, and to refuse relief, idle and lazy though the fellow be, is quite impossible.

I see, too, what reminds me of what I observed when taking a tour in the south of Ireland, a few years ago; on our way to Caserta Baion and other show places, children eight or nine years old, and wholly naked, have often kept running alongside of our carriage for more than a quarter of a mile, begging alms. The only way to get rid of them is to cast up a few small coins, and they commence a glorious scramble for them, while your carriage gets ahead of them as they quarrel and scramble for the spoils.

Mendicancy flourishes in Naples, and in all the towns and villages near it. I know of no greater nuisance than this. Crowds of beggars beset every traveller, and it is impossible to resist their importunities. If you give to the first crowd, it encourages others to beset you. And then the wretched creatures are so very miserable.

The lazzaroni may be seen in sunny days, lying asleep on the pavement of the Chiaia, the finest street in the city. They were once supposed to be of a different race from the bulk of the inhabitants, but are now believed to be merely the dregs of the population. They are more like the gipsies than any other class, except that they do not rove from place to place. They are apparently only a remove from the savages. Of religion they have no idea beyond the mere ceremonial which they see in the churches, and the necessity of confession and absolution. Many of them are said not to know their own names. Fancy a man being a perpetual anonymous, and confessing, wedding, fighting, begging—without a name!—*Correspondent of the N. Y. Star.*

Unfortunate and affecting instance of Love.—The daughter of a country curate in Hampshire being reduced, by the death of her father, to the hard necessity of seeking some mode of subsistence, could find no other than going into the service of an old female friend of her mother, as her maid. EMELIA (that was her name) had received from her parents the best education. She was handsome, had a very pleasing figure, was sensible, discreet, and of the most modest deportment. Unfortunately for her, a young gentleman of good fortune, who was a friend of the family with which she lived, frequently visited the house. The master and mistress, keeping only one footman, poor Emelia, who generally assisted in serving the tea, had thus an opportunity of seeing the young man, and fell in love with him before she was aware of the progress of that sentiment in her heart. When she did perceive it, her reason induced her to oppose it, and she made many ineffectual efforts for that purpose; indeed, so violent were her struggles, that her health became seriously affected by them. Her mistress, who loved her tenderly, after having consulted several physicians in vain, sent her to the house of a friend at twenty miles distance, to try whether change of air would not be of service to her. The absence of the object of her affection, no doubt, contributed to her recovery. She returned to her mistress's aid, and having the same opportunities of seeing the young man as before, her passion revived. Firmly resolved to conquer or die, rather than give way to an attachment that increased in spite of her, she relapsed into the most deplorable state of health. The physicians, not being able to discover the cause of her disorder, thought that she must be affected by some deep sorrow, and pronounced her danger. Her afflicted mistress entreated her to entrust her with the secret, and to induce her to do so, told her the danger she was in; and promised not only not to betray her confidence, but to do her utmost to obtain the means necessary for her cure. Overcome by the affection of her mistress, she acknowledged her passion, begged her to conceal it from him who was the object of it, and received with resignation the news of her approaching dissolution, which would at last deliver her from an unfortunate passion that all her efforts had been unable to vanquish. Her mistress could not help informing her husband of the discovery. They agreed to sound the young man upon the subject; and finding, by degrees, that he had observed the merit of Emelia, they prevailed upon him to pity her situation. He consented—asked to see her, (she being previously prepared for it by her mistress,) entered into conversation with her, testified the greatest desire to see her health re-established; and even went so far as to say that, if she could recover, he would be happy to marry her. "Marry me!" cried she, raising her arms, and fixing her eyes upon him, "marry!" and, throwing her head back, she instantly expired.

Corn.—Corn seed, well soaked in a solution of saltpetre before it is planted will not be injured by worms. The experiment has been tried with success in New York.

NEW BOOKS.—The Spirit of the East, or a Journal of Travels through Roumel during a eventful period, by D'Urbart Esq. in 2 vols 12mo.
Sterling Penruddock or the Highminded, by the author of Tremain, De Vere, &c. in 2 vols.
Extra, the Nabob's Wife, a tale by Mrs. Monkland, 2 vols.
Conversations on Nature and Art, with plates, 1 vol. Just received for sale at GARRET ANDERSON, Pennsylvania Avenue, between 11th and 12th streets mar 23.

BOYS' AND MEN'S SPRING AND SUMMER WEAR.—This day received and for sale—20 pieces black and colored summer cloths, plain and twilled
10 do striped and plain lastings
50 do plain and fancy drillings
100 do plain and striped cotton jean
50 do Georgia nankeen, genuine
98 do Marsilles silk and satin vestings
Also, 50 doz. white, brown, and mixed cotton half base
15 do English and span silk
Gum and cotton braces, silk handkerchiefs, Italian cravats, kid, silk, and linen gloves, &c. &c. All of which will be offered at the lowest rates.
JAMES B. CLARY, Jr.
Opposite Centre Market, and No. 2 from 7th street. ap 23.

WIDE SHEETINGS.—Just received 50 pieces 10-4 and 11-4 wide sheetings, which will be sold by the piece unusually cheap.
BRADY & CATLETT.